

Thus tormented, our traveller being heartily weary of his lodging, and rising in a rage, asked his landlord who he was, and what was the reason he suffered him to be thus ill-treated? "My name is *Care*," said the surly host, "and this is the entertainment which I always give my guests." "Farewell then," cried his guest, "I will sooner venture through the worst of storms than stay any longer with you."

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At these words he made directly towards the door, but finding it fastened, fell into an agony of despair. Recovering himself, however, he at last thought he saw a breach in the walls of this shattered dwelling, through which he made his escape, while *Care* turned his back. Yet some of his imps pursued him for a long way, and tormented him till he met with a female of vast size, that had by her a lion, who scared them away. As our traveller was again at a stand,

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